

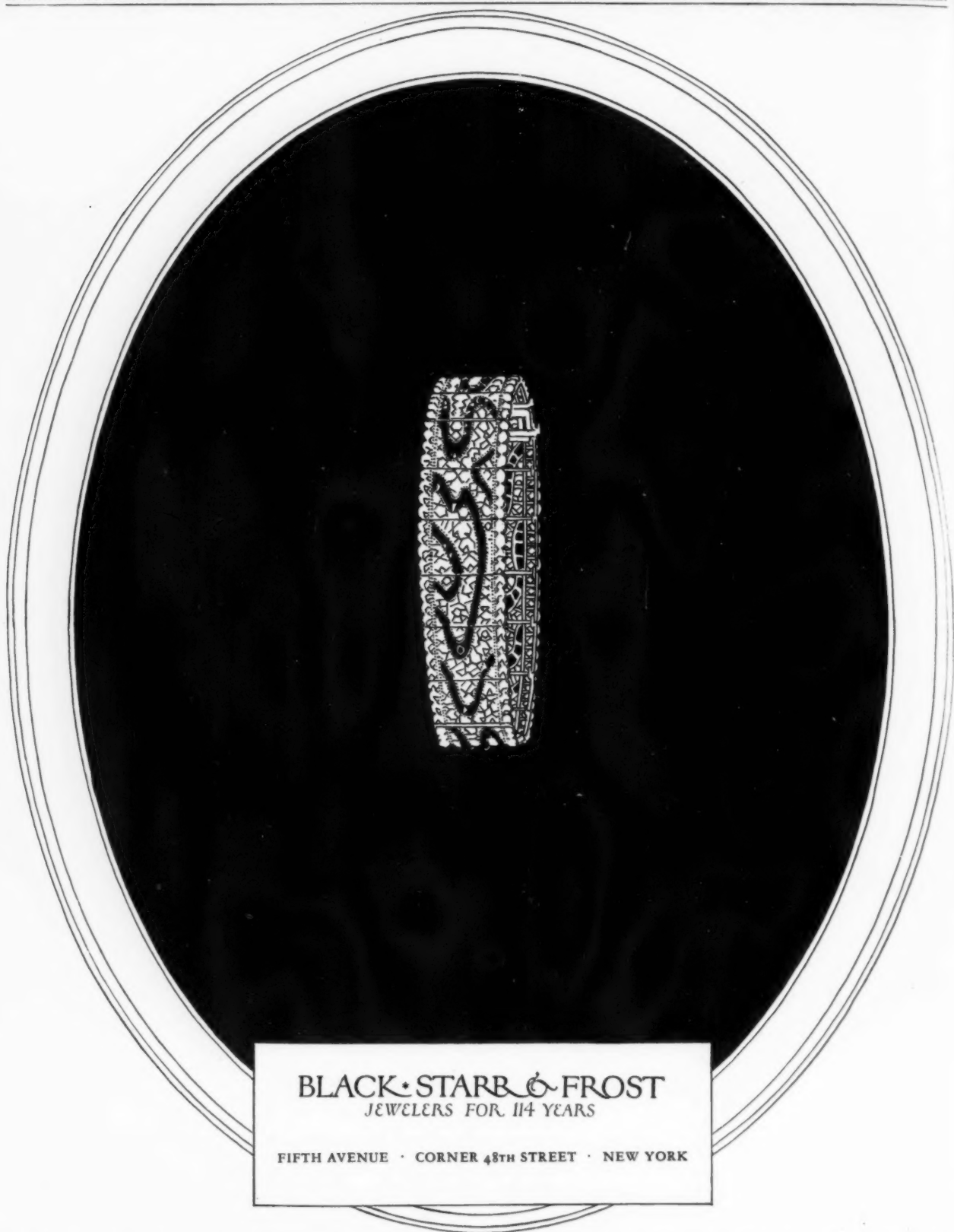
Life

AUGUST 7, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



*"They can say what they like—God certainly does
bat out some elegant scenery"*



BLACK STARR & FROST
JEWELERS FOR 114 YEARS

FIFTH AVENUE · CORNER 48TH STREET · NEW YORK

The BRACELET, always one of woman's most graceful adornments, has perhaps never been worked out more attractively than in the designs of today.

This is particularly true of Black Starr & Frost's deft employment of gems in flexible platinum mountings. Contrasting tints of the precious stones—the green of emerald, the blue of sapphire, the black of onyx, set off the matchless brilliance of diamonds with such charm that all the glow and fire of the jewels leap into play at the slightest movement of the arm.

Restaurant Ruminations

A RESTAURANT is a place in which people like to dine so they can say, "Well, after all, there is nothing like eating at home."

Put a foreign name over the door and you can even get people to eat garlic.

There are some people who believe the weather reports, and there are some who ask the waiter if a particular dish is good.

At home there is one cook for a family, say four or five people; in a restaurant there is one cook for five hundred. At home there is one maid to serve four or five people; in a restaurant there is one waiter to serve twenty, and yet when food costs in a restaurant five times what it does at home, people explain it by saying, "You've got to pay for service."

A cow's child is calf when it frisks in the meadows, veal when it goes to market, and chicken when it gets into the salad.

When a girl orders a dinner of outlandish dishes you'd think her fiancé would shy away, saying to himself, "This girl doesn't know how to eat. Beware of doctor's bills." But he doesn't. Instead, he says, "It is marvelous that a woman who knows so much about life should be interested in me."

The ready-to-serve list contains the dishes you would have enjoyed yesterday or might enjoy to-morrow but certainly don't feel like eating to-day.
B. B.

A Life-Saver's Questionnaire for the Drowning

LIFE-SAVERS are usually strong, hardy fellows. It would be only natural, then, if they should bring the heads of their prospects to the surface and make them answer a few questions before saving them or, as it were, rejecting them. Beaches are so crowded now, it is time we looked into this matter of indiscriminate life-saving. Selection, it seems to me, should be based on merit, where the space on the beach is necessarily so limited.

I am thinking of hiring out as a life-saver on my vacation, to help defray my expenses. Following are some of the questions I shall put to those seeking my help. My motto will be, "Yes or no, or drown":

1. Do you promise to obey the rules of ordinary precaution hereafter?
2. Aren't you ashamed of yourself for having held your life so cheaply?
3. Are you going to try to drown me if I try to save you?
4. Will you remember me next Christmas?

E. J. K.

THE person who really enjoys a picnic is the one who can't go at the last minute.



**Abundant
lather**

**Quick
action**



**Lasting
lather**

**A clean
shave**



**Fine after-
effects**

Five New Joys

Await you in Palmolive Shaving Cream

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

If a Shaving Cream excelled all others in one way you'd be delighted. Let us multiply that delight by five. Let us show you five new joys we have brought to millions in Palmolive Shaving Cream. This offers you a Ten-Shave Tube to try.

A very unique creation

Three years ago most men were wedded to some other soap or cream. Most of them were satisfied, perhaps. Then came Palmolive Shaving Cream, made by famous experts. The final result of 60 years of soap study.

A test was offered which countless men accepted. The users were amazed. In the short time since then this soap has become the Shaving Cream sensation. It has built up a new idea of what shaving cream can do.

The results men like

Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

It softens the beard in one minute.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. Its extra strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting.

The palm and olive oil blend makes after-effects delightful.

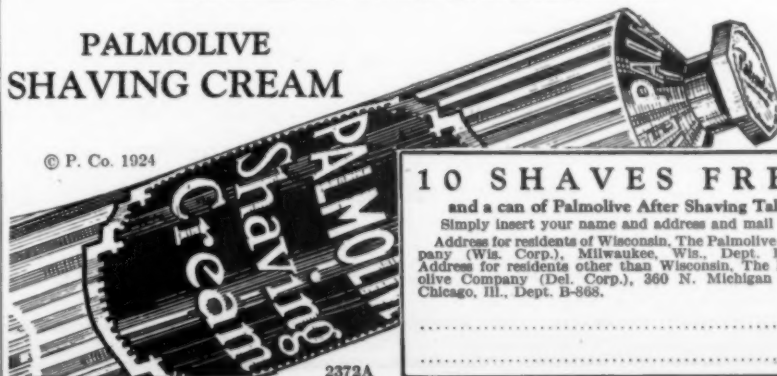
Try it as a courtesy to us. We made up 130 formulas in seeking to perfect it. We did it to please men like you. Now judge the result for yourself. Clip this coupon. Mail it at your leisure for a Ten-Shave Tube.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

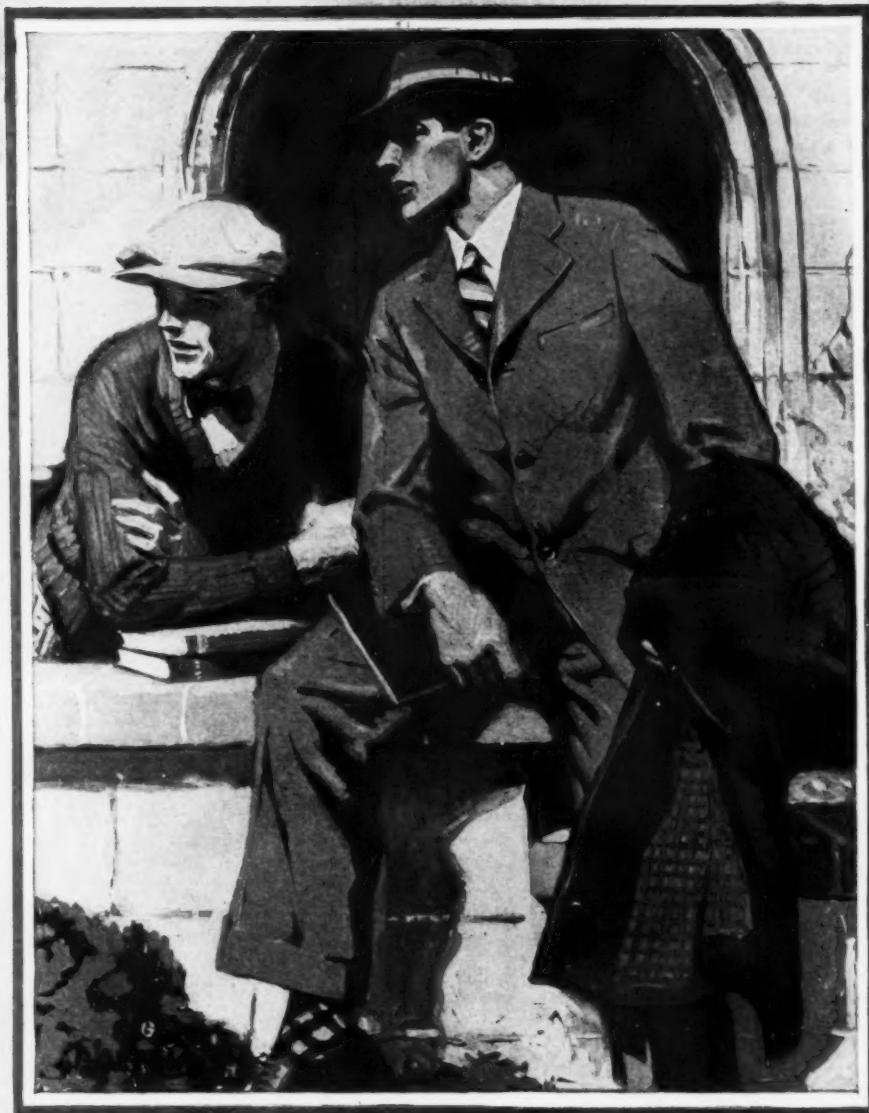
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10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to
Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. B-867.
Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Dept. B-868.

2372A

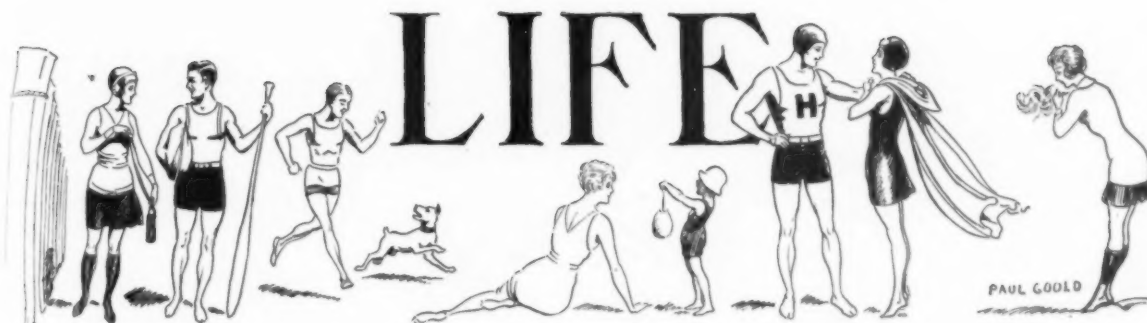


THE STYLE THAT YOUNG MEN WANT

The fall suit shown here is for you young men who have an eye for the drape of a coat, the draw of a vest at the waistline, the easy hang of the trousers—snug at the waist and then free, down to the swing of the cuffs. We put the style you want into clothes—together with fine tailoring, all-wool fabrics, and our label—a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Copyright, 1934, Hart Schaffner & Marx



Portrait of a Lady

OH, I can smile for you, and tilt my head,
 And drink your rushing words with eager lips,
 And paint my mouth for you a fragrant red,
 And trace your brows with tutored finger-tips.
 When you rehearse your list of loves to me,
 Oh, I can laugh and marvel, rapturous-eyed.
 And you laugh back, nor can you ever see
 The thousand little deaths my heart has died.
 And you believe, so well I know my part,
 That I am gay as morning, light as snow,
 And all the straining things within my heart
 You'll never know.

Oh, I can laugh and listen, when we meet,
 And you bring tales of fresh adventurings,—
 Of ladies delicately indiscreet,
 Of lingering hands, and gently whispered things.
 And you are pleased with me, and strive anew
 To sing me sagas of your last delights.
 Thus do you want me—marveling, gay, and true,
 Nor do you see my staring eyes of nights.
 And when, in search of novelty, you stray,
 Oh, I can kiss you blithely as you go...
 And what goes on, my love, while you're away,
 You'll never know.

Dorothy Parker.



HOW TIME FLIES

He: DO YOU REALIZE THAT THE WAR STARTED TEN YEARS AGO TO-DAY?

She: WHAT WAR?



FOR THREE LONG HOURS GENEVIEVE
DEVERE OF THE FOLLIES



NO HELP CAME, SO—



CLUNG DESPERATELY TO THE ROCK, CRY-
ING WILDLY FOR HELP.



SHE CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE ROCK
AND WADED ASHORE.

A Word to the All-Wise

IF we ever get communing with Nature so that she is ready to take a suggestion or two, the first hint we shall give out will be to confine all acts of heaven, such as mosquitoes, lightning bolts, mad cattle, bad weather, tramps, ptomaine poisoning, blisters, poison ivy, ants, sunstroke, caterpillars, flat tires, hay fever, sprained ankles, snakes, broken spectacles, cinders in the eye and drownings, to the following and to their heirs and assigns forever:

People who name their summer camps "Welikeit," and "Damfino"; fat women in knickers; tin can tourists; youths who wear caps cut from the crowns of felt hats; beach beetles; people who organize frankfurter and marshmallow roasts, who gather around the piano and sing, who hog the tennis court; divers who give voluntary exhibitions; swimmers who kick you in the face as they go by; girls who walk into the setting sun in flimsy frocks; dry-fly fishermen; fresh drug-store clerks; student orchestras; porch cats; girls who kiss and tell; girls who don't kiss and tell on you; affectionate children; people with fancy canoes; sweater knitters; married women who park their wedding rings;

husbands who suddenly appear on Friday afternoons; vendors of ice-cream cones; sponsors of straw rides.

Upon all such, anathema, maranatha!
Henry William Hanemann.

LA FOLLETTE keeps the third-party vote in his West pocket.

The Official Mother Goose

SEE-SAWS, Coolidge and Dawes,
Senate shall have a new master.
It shall have but a million a day
Because it can't spend any faster.
A. G. C.

Bedtime Story

A Tale of Success

ONCE there was a man who took a magazine that told him how to run his business, and another magazine that told him how John D. Rockefeller, Charley Schwab, *et al*, had become successful, and a third magazine that informed him how he could become successful himself. He also took a magazine that told him how to develop personality, and another that told him how to organize his time, and still another that told him how to acquire the Will to Wealth.

And now you are smiling cynically, thinking that the story is going to end with a note to the effect that the man went into bankruptcy in a few weeks. But nothing could be farther from the truth. He took all these magazines and more, and made money as a result of taking them.

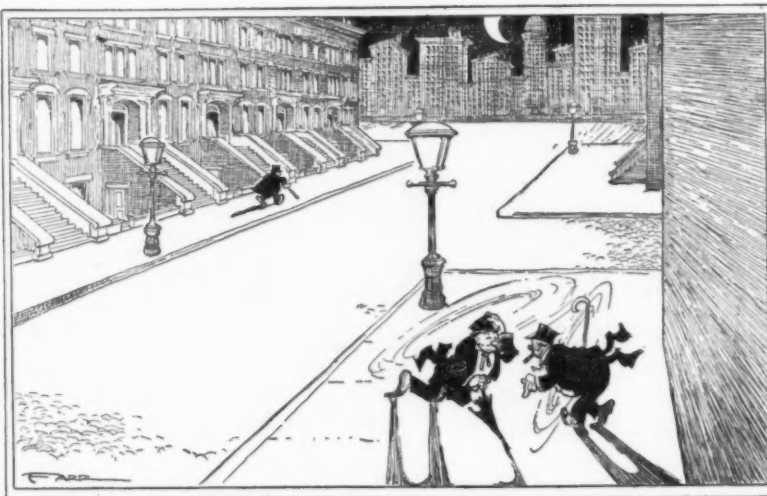
He was a newsdealer, you see.

Bertram Bloch.

On Speaking Terms

MOTHER: And who was your teacher in Sunday School to-day?

BARBARA: The one who knows God so well.



"SHAY, C'N YOU TELL ME WHERE TH' OTHER SHIDE OF TH' SHTREET ISH?"
"THISH IS IT, OL' BOY—THAT FELLER OVER THERE JUSH TOLD ME SO."

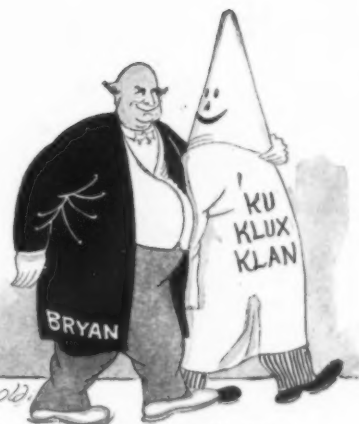
America, the Beautiful

(A handy guide planned especially for travelers who wish to read while they run)

0. Leave Hometown via New Street, paved on motion of Councilman Grabber.
- 0.9 Straight through rehabilitated ash and garbage dump, sold at \$3,000 to the city for a Municipal Park, by Councilman Grabber.
- 1.2 Straight through Grabber's Heights. Building Lots, \$1 down and catch-as-catch-can for the rest of your life.
- 1.4 Pass imitation Japanese pagoda, used as a gas-filling station.
- 1.5 Turn left at fork. You Are Now Leaving Hometown Chamber of Commerce.
- 1.7 Gumball's Rubber Soles.
- 1.9 Tartar's Tooth Paste.
- 2.0 Brist-for-Breakfast.
- 2.2 Seldom Inn Cottage. Sandwiches and Hot Dogs.
- 2.4 That Good Grief Gasoline.
- 2.7 Imitation Mohammedan mosque, used as a gas-filling station.
- 2.9 Balloon Tires.
- 3.0 Balloon Trousers.
- 3.6 Heap of tin cans.
- 4.7 Inexplicable piece of land devoted entirely to agriculture.



A SORT OF INDIRECT REFLECTION ON THE REJECTED MONKEY.



- 4.8 "The Wicked Shall Be Turned into Hell."—Psal. 9:17.
- 5.1 You Are Now Entering Scragger's Corners. Kiwanis Eats on Thursdays. Fifteen Miles an Hour.
- 5.3 Straight through Scragger's Corners, past imitation Paris kiosk, used as a gas-filling station.
- 5.7 Five Miles to Ye Olde Buggy Shed Tea Room.
- 5.8 Never-Strop Blades—Ask the Man Who Hones One.
- 6.0 Small area of unimproved hills and trees.

- ville, passing Jacob Axel's back yard, Henry Baker's potato patch, John Candle's weekly washing.
- 9.5 Contented Cows, relaxing in the field after giving Pure Milk.
- 9.8 Weatherbeaten and illegible road sign, twisted by storm at right angles to road.
- 9.9 Ammonville, the Seat of Zion College.
- 10.8 Odontoro—Never a Bridesmaid, Three Times a Bride.
- 11.7 You Are Now Entering Hometown. Avoid Mayor Highhand's Closed Street. Follow Improved Streets on which Council Members Own Property, and then Straight On to
- 13.0 Home, Tired but Happy, and a Glad Sight for Sore Eyes.

W. L. Werner.



"DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME AT THE DANCE?"
"WONDERFUL. GEORGE WAS SO JEALOUS HIS WHOLE EVENING WAS SPOILED."

- 6.7 Turn left at unpainted shack selling Pop and Hot Dogs.
- 6.9 Pass imitation Indian cromlech, masquerading as a gas-filling station.
- 7.4 Three Miles to Ye Olde Corn Cribbe Tea House.
- 7.6 Snitztown. In 1066 General Washington slept here. The Rotary Eats on Odd Wednesdays.
- 7.7 Hotel Wumblum. Seventeen rooms, fifty-three baths, chicken and waffles, running water.
- 8.0 Imitation Eskimo igloo, employed as a gas-filling station.
- 8.2 "The World Will End Next Friday."
- 9.1 Detour to left through Hagg-

Musings of the Zoo Flappers

ZITA ZEBRA: Mommer seems to think I'm crazy over these old-fashioned stripes just because she always has worn them; when I'm once "out" I'll kalsomine 'em! Lulu Leopard crows over me, and parades up and down to show off her "spots." Poor thing, she has to make the best of them because she's been told that she can't change them!

Abysmal

ENOUGH moving picture films are produced every year in the United States, according to statistics, to encircle the earth eight times. The combined yawns resulting from these films, it is estimated, would be enough to swallow the earth.

When—

WHEN the Big Boss says, "How're things goin', my boy?"

—when you seriously take to the memo. habit.

—when you notify the girl who takes dictation that you are going into conference.

—when you tell a friend over the phone, "Sorry, old man, but give me a ring next week."

—when you discover that a group of people have sat through your speech without laughing.

—when you decide to make another.

—when you are made Secretary of something.

—when some one in the company sees you at the wheel of the new car.

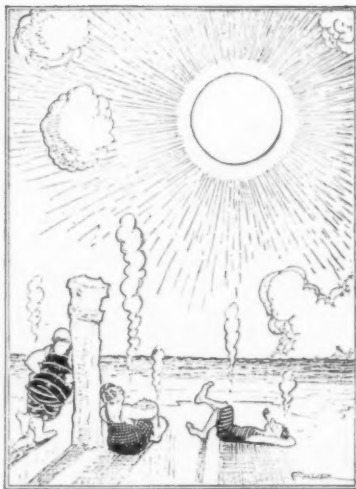
—when "I don't quite agree with you, sir," comes rather easily.

—when you take to changing your boiled collar every day.

—when you get to producing placards of figures and graphs to clinch your arguments,

and finally

—when you set your teeth and say, "No man's licked till he quits!"—why,



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISTERING

boy, you are in the first stage of becoming a Go-Getter and, for God's sake, do something about it!

Stanley Jones.

"THIS apartment is impossible," complained Bluebeard; "there isn't a single place to hang a wife."

Innocents Abroad

"IT doesn't look a bit like rain, so why bother to put up the tent?"

"I don't believe that is poison ivy. Poison ivy ought to look more dangerous than that."

"Yes, if I lean out a little farther, I can just reach that water lily."

"Really, it doesn't take long to get a tan. I'm going to stay under the sun all day, and I bet I get a good one."

"Oh, never mind bringing along water. We'll find a good spring or well or something."

"Nonsense. You can tell mushrooms from toadstools by the flavor."

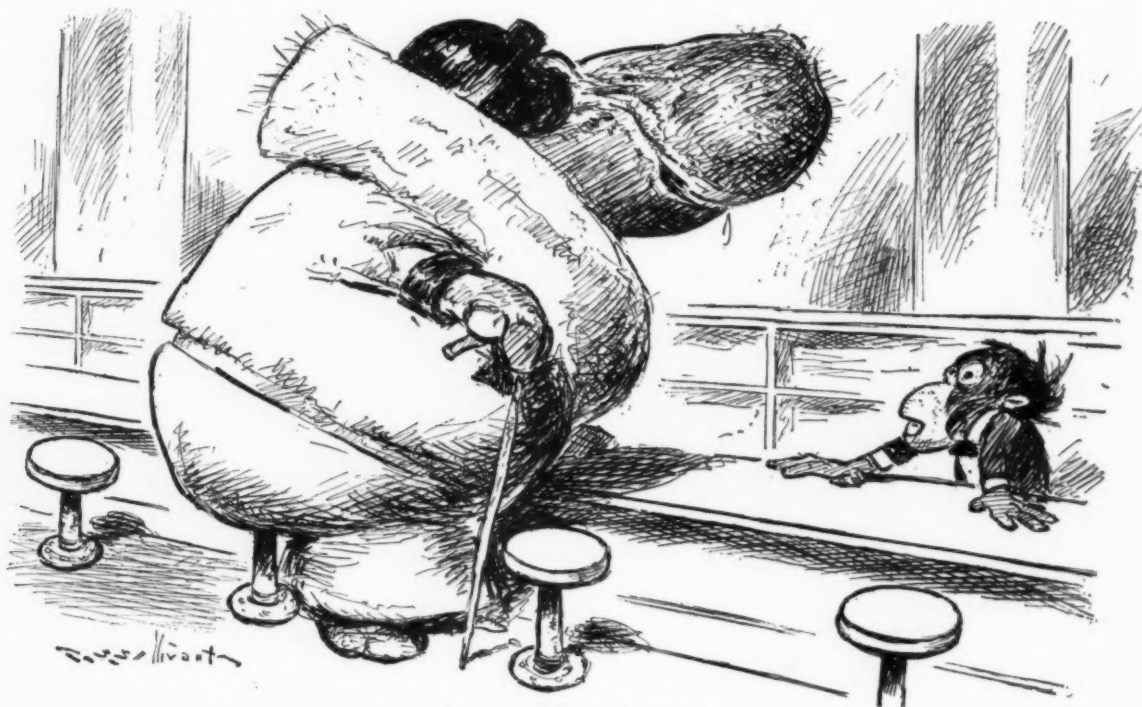
"They say he can always take a joke. Watch me put ants in his bedding."

"Oh, those 'No Trespassing' signs mean tramps. The farmer won't object if we shoot a few squirrels."

"I'm not afraid of that bull. You can't believe all you read in the comic sections."

"Yes, if we take an expensive new car out into the wilds, we'll be worrying about it all the time. We'll take the old Ford and just enjoy ourselves."

Horace Woodmansee.

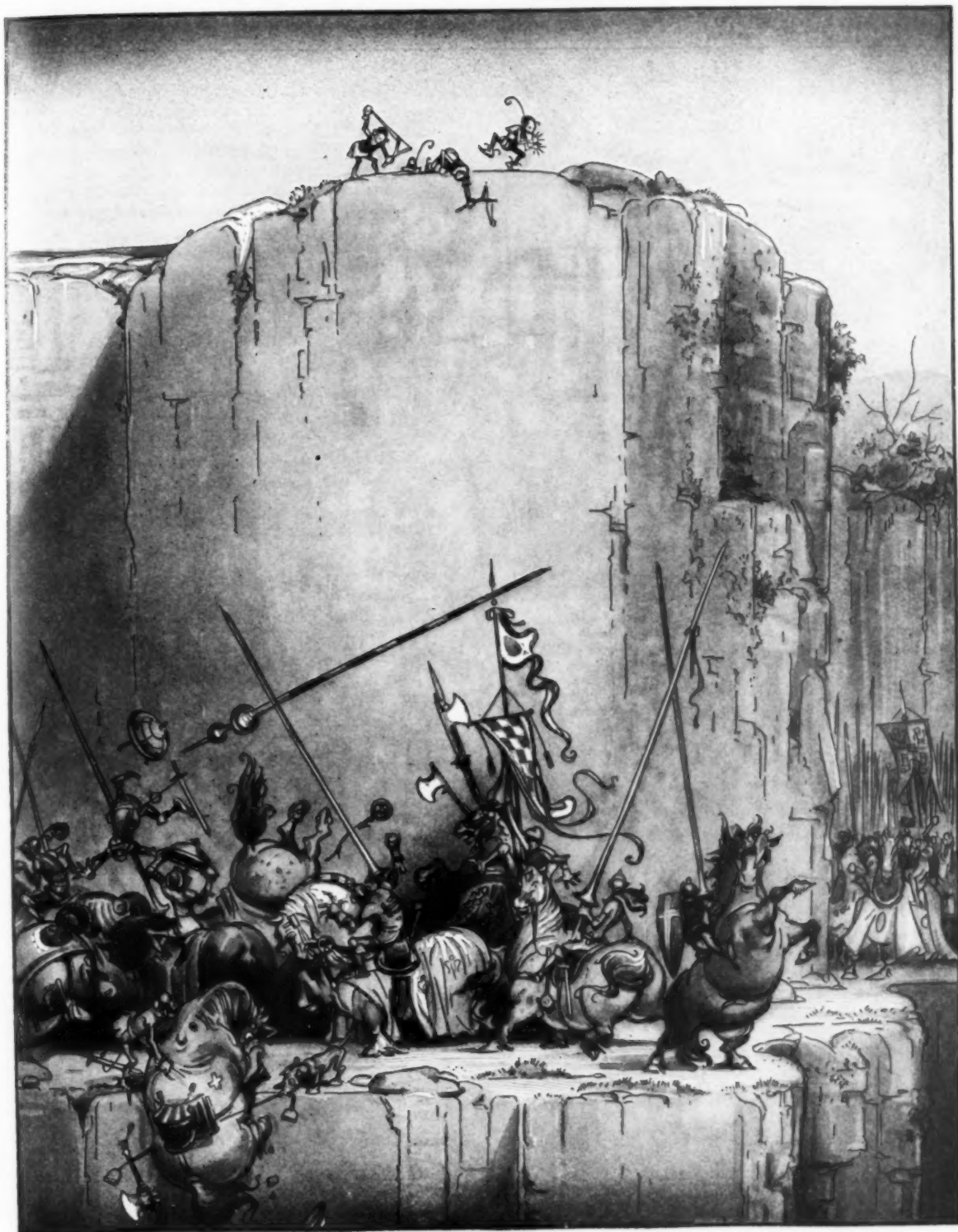


IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

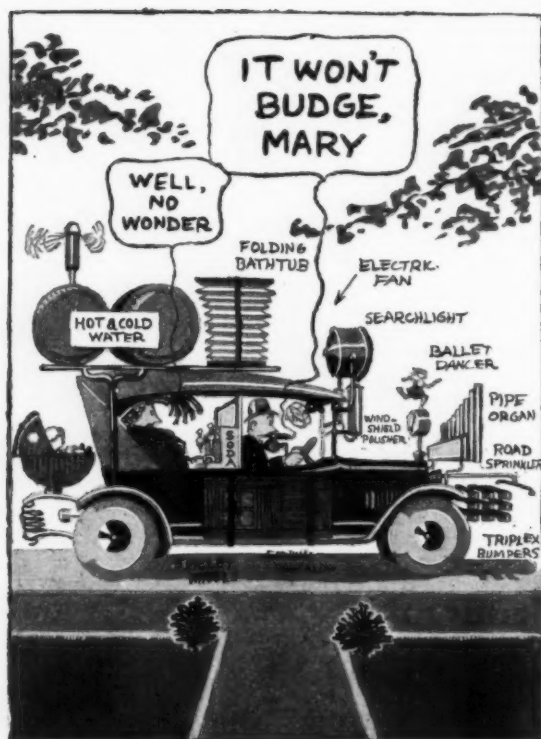
Mrs. Hippo: I WANT A BABY'S BATHTUB.

Salesmonk: YES, MADAM. WHAT SIZE, PLEASE?

Mrs. Hippo: OH, SOMETHING FOR A CHILD OF ABOUT TWO TONS' DISPLACEMENT.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
"YE KYNGE'S OWNE."



THE MAN WHO HAD A WEAKNESS FOR ACCESSORIES

It Works!

I MOVED out to the quiet little settlement of Parkspace Villas in order to be alone. I was fed up on people. The first week I met Simpkins, a resident there.

"If you haven't got a radio," he said, "drop in to my place to-night and listen to Coolidge."

"Radio!" I exclaimed. "I had the first one in the world. You come over and listen to mine."

He muttered something incomprehensible and vanished. Next I met Plankett.

"I'm all tuned up for Coolidge to-night," he said. "Better drop in at 8:45."

"Thanks," I replied, "I've got one of my own and am listening to King George to-night. I've got the finest in the world. You join me."

He shook his head vaguely and hurried away. To Warbleton, who lives opposite, to Billings, who is next door, to Whittler, who backs up against me, I said in turn:

"If you really want to hear Coolidge to-night, come to my place at 8:45. Concealed aerial. I got Japan yesterday."

That is why, since I moved to Parkspace Villas, life for me is one long, radiant peace and nobody ever comes near me. . . .

Some day I may put one in.

Thomas L. Masson.

Up to Date

VISITOR: Do you know what happens to little boys who swear?

JOHNNY: Yes, sir. They get nominated for Vice-President.

Midsummer

NOW is the time when rocking chairs wear ruts in the hotel porch;

When the sun glares down on bald spots with the heat of a burning torch.

Now is the time when golfers spend an hour upon the links And seven more at the nineteenth hole with gallons of sizzling drinks.

Now is the time when tennis players go galloping round the court;

When fishermen snooze the hours away and call it a good day's sport*;

When motor boats putt back and forth from shore to yacht to shore,

And the younger set thrum ukes on deck to the bass of the captain's snore.

Now is the time when picnic eggs and napkins litter the park;

When Corydon (Sammy) and Phyllis (Liz) join lips in the popping dark.

Now is the time when a man reflects, as he gazes on bathing beauts,

That the very best ads for the two-piece styles are the gals in the one-piece suits.

Now is the time when the joy ride's roar splits open the peaceful night.

Now is the time when flies are loose and pennant races are tight.

Now is the time when Society disports in more rural scenes, And now is when stuff like this is all you find in the magazines.

Baron Ireland.

*It—ho, hum—is.—Ed.

BETH: Were you good friends down at the shore?

RUTH: Oh, I let him save my life!



Sherlock Holmes, Jr.: SHE'S GOING FISHING.

Young Watson: FISHING? THEN WHY THE BATHING SUIT?

Sherlock Holmes, Jr.: THAT'S HER BAIT.

Memorials of Use

COMMON to almost all civilized humanity is the desire to perpetuate the memory of those who have departed this life. Evidence of this desire is seen in the vast area of land devoted to cemetery uses and crowded with more or less enduring monuments with their identifying inscriptions. It is a usage sanctified by the centuries and which no one may criticize without offense.

As a happy and less saddening memorial to those who have gone before, not a few readers of LIFE have chosen to endow in perpetuity gifts of summer outings for children of the poor. The method is simple. Two hundred dollars sent to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund creates an endowment to send a poor child to the country every summer for all time. To the endowment the donor may attach any desired name or description. The funds are safely invested and the securities turned over to the Bankers' Trust Company to form part of a perpetual and irrevocable trust, the income from which is to be used to provide the fresh air outings. In case the Fresh Air Fund or the Trust Company should cease to function, the courts of the State of New York are empowered to choose their successors, thus insuring as far as is humanly possible the perpetual use of the funds for the purpose intended.

Creating a Fresh Air Endowment means that every summer, always, some little poor child of the city tenements will be made healthier and happier because some one, who lived perhaps long before, had the foresight to erect this kind of living memorial to a departed loved one.

Since the last acknowledgments LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has received from Mrs. J. O. Cole, of Peru, Indiana, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 278,
IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

From Mrs. Herbert S. Greims, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 279,
IN MEMORY OF MRS. GEORGE A. HEARN.

From Miss Alma R. Hubbard, of Wheeling, West Virginia, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 280,
IN MEMORY OF DANA HUBBARD KELLY.

From Miss Beatrice Bagg, of West Springfield, Massachusetts, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 281,
IN MEMORY OF MY FATHER, AARON BAGG, JR.

From an anonymous donor funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 282,
FROM A FRIEND IN MEMORY OF E. C. O.

From Mrs. E. M. McBride, Mrs. J. Gordon Mackay, and Miss Laurena Marzen, of Truckee, California, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 283,
IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED FATHER, JOSEPH MARZEN, JR.

(Continued on page 31)



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUB? YE—YUH WUZ'N'T THINKIN' O' COMMITTIN' SOOICIDE, WUZ YE?"
"NAW. I'M JUST HAVIN' ME VACATION."

Hell-O!

A FRIEND of mine was saying the other day that the famous slogan, "The voice with the smile wins," is all wrong. He said that the verb "to win" is transitive and must have an object; it must win something, yet here it doesn't. Well, if I do say it myself, I know something about verbs; we used to have them in the garden, and I remember Grandmother made tea out of them. Anyhow, I decided to find out for myself just what it was that the v.w.t.s. won.

Going to the phone I lifted the receiver from the hook and, speaking with the lips close to the mouthpiece, said in a loud, firm voice, "South Orange, three-six-two, party R." The thus rudely awakened girl at the other end of the wire retaliated with, "South Orange, three-six-two, party R?"

Ordinarily I should have followed the general standards of practice of telephoners and replied, "You heard me!" but this time I was all smiles. "Yes, please," I cooed.

"Thank you," answered my unknown friend.

"Not at all," I said.

"You're very kind," she assured me.

"Please don't mention it," I urged.

"Aren't you nice?" she wanted to know. This was coming a bit thick, but I determined to stick it out.

"It's a real pleasure," I weakly murmured.

"The pleasure's all mine," she announced, "but I'm so sorry. Peekskill thirteen-thirteen-thirteen is busy!"

The error in the slogan is not the use of a transitive verb without an object; it's the wrong verb entirely!

A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.



"I NEVER HEARD SUCH LANGUAGE. I'M GOING TO TELL YOUR MOTHER."

"WHAT GOOD'LL IT DO YA? WE DON'T TAKE OFFEN YOU, ANYWAY."



TWEEDLEDUM and Tweedledee
Look alike to you and me.

Tweedledum's a Democrat,
Tweedledee's Republican,
No one knows where either's at
In his dealings with the Klan.

One says "What" and one says "Why,"
One says "Hum" and one says "Ho,"
One is wet and one is dry—
Which is which, we do not know.

Drearily they babble on
While we stagger with fatigue;
One is pro and one is con—
For, and then against, the League.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Look alike to you and me.

These Americans

The Chicagoan

HE would make a mental note that the country was becoming intelligent at last if the Harvard-Yale football game and the presidential inauguration were transferred to the Grant Park Stadium.

He doesn't care who makes the nation's laws if he can make the Line in the *Tribune*.

His idea of a rite is reading the bulldog edition of the *Daily News* over his luncheon in Marshall Field's.

He has a naïve faith which leads him to believe that the railroad terminals will be electrified and that he will one day ride in a subway.

He can explain the difference between a Wilson Avenue address and one on Sheridan Road.

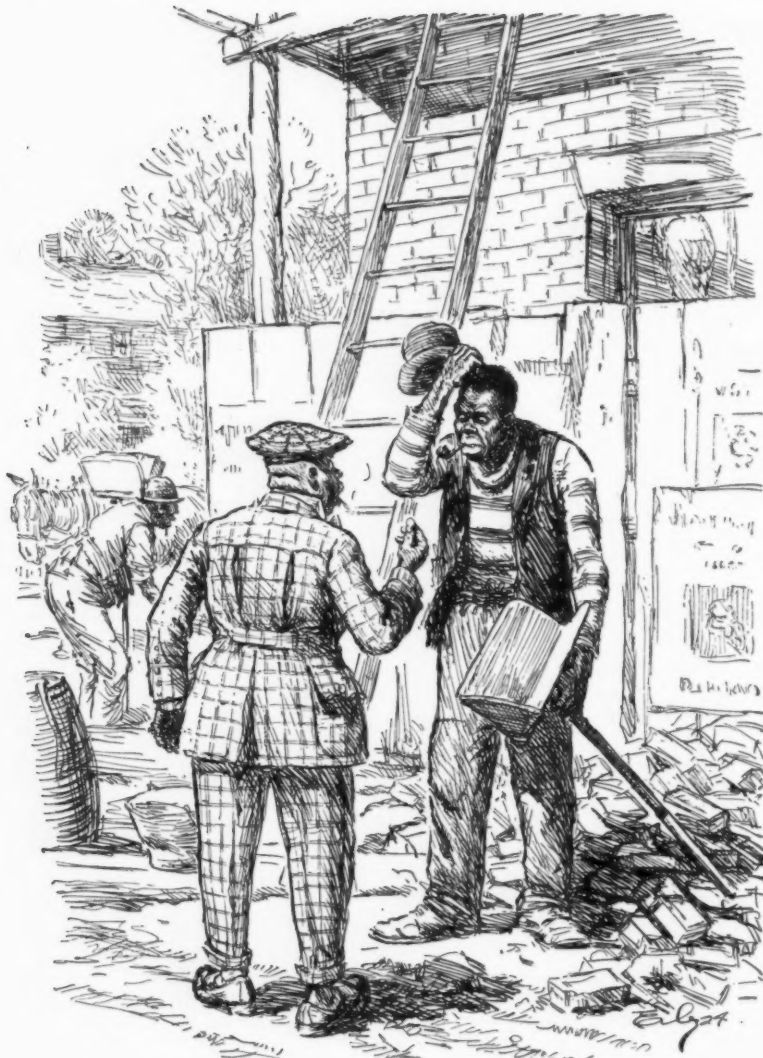
He knows that big building on Michigan Boulevard is the Art Institute.

McC. H.

Emulative

MAN can always improve upon Nature; lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but any union that calls itself a union can keep striking in the same place until the place disappears.

GROCER: These are home-grown berries, ma'am.
BRIDE: But haven't you any of the hothouse kind?



Rastus: HERE'S DAT QUATAH AH BORROWED FROM YUH LAST YEAR.
 Sambo: YUH DONE KEPT IT SO LONG DAT AH DON'T KNOW IF IT'S WUFF WHILE FOR
 ME TO CHANGE MAH 'PINION OF YUH JES' FO' TWO BITS.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

August 4th Awake betimes, astonished to learn from my nurse that there is no pulse in the end of my second finger, nor in any one else's, for that matter, albeit I doubt the information will add either to my income or my happiness. I am now sufficiently recovered from my malady to part with her, thank God, being in illness like a dispirited rose thrown into a bathtub for revival—the mere sight of a doctor and a medicine bottle brings me right up....A letter this day from

Lucy Bridgman tells of her displeasure with our cozen Amy for writing that she enjoyed her rest in Morristown, Lucy having moved heaven and half the countryside to provide her with constant entertainment. Which shows that Lucy does not know Amy as well as I, nor would she have invited her at all an she did....All morning on the chaise-longue, watching my servant Virgie clean out our clothes-closets, shutting my eyes and saying, Throw it
 (Continued on page 29)

Ballade of the Magnavox Populi

ALL the papers are full of news;
 Sixteen hurt in a street affray;
 Senator Hokum gives his views;
 Crosses burned by the K. K. K.;
 The King of England's getting gray;
 The Prince of Wales is a trifle lame;
 But the man in the street is yelling,
 "Hey,
 What's the score of the baseball game?"

The Grand Oil Party's got the blues;
 Detectives raided a cabaret;
 The college profs. are on a cruise;
 The Mayor has left for a holiday;
 The flappers are living the life that's
 gay;
 The flappers are getting a lot of blame;
 But the shout goes up in the U. S. A.,
 "What's the score of the baseball game?"

A man was fined for selling booze;
 A Ford upset a loaded dray;
 The cops have several hundred clues;
 A judge has given the lady a stay;
 Sweden threatens a new ballet;
 Fifty bucks for a catchy name;
 But this is the cry since the month of
 May:
 "What's the score of the baseball
 game?"

L'Envoi

Prince, though candidates shriek and
 bray
 In and out of the halls of fame,
 The Voice of the People has this to say:
 "What's the score of the baseball
 game?" W. L. Werner.

The Post-Graduate Wife

SHE always has her home in perfect order so that when her husband comes home tired in the evening they can start out without delay.

She is scrupulous about her appearance in the house and can always lunch downtown any day twenty minutes after ringing her husband at the office.

She has solved the problem of preserving her husband's love of home by keeping him out of it as much as possible.

Knowing how much depends upon her husband's health, she watches his diet. She sees that they eat in none but the best restaurants. What sleeping he does is in the most exclusive apartments. McC. H.

The Man Who Always Looks Cool

I AM the man who always looks cool.
Heat affects me not.
Humidity passes me harmlessly by.
My collar never wilts, my face never flushes, my nose never shines.
In a summer crowd, I am the cynosure of all eyes.
Women are irresistibly drawn to me.
Men envy me.
Crying infants leave me unannoyed.
Clouds of dust serve but as telling background for my immaculate linen.
Luggage never cannons against my calves.
Wherever I pass I leave behind me a memory of rustling leaves and brooks.
I am the chap who always looks cool.
I am the unrealized dream of mankind.

Gardner Rea.

Echoes in a Used-Car Shop

"YES, sir; if she ain't right we'll fix her up or make a reasonable allowance."
"That's the original paint; a coat of varnish'll make her look like new."
"Good rubber all around and a brand-new spare."
"She's a late '16; that's when they was puttin' out their best jobs."
"No, sir; that ain't wore off; that's a slip cover."
"She's hardly been used at all; a woman drove her."
"Yes, the mileage on that speedometer is just about right for that model."
"That tappet noise'll iron out all right just as soon as she's under load."
"The longer you run this motor, the sweeter she gits."



The Movie Fan: AW, POP, LET'S STICK AROUND' TILL THEY CHANGE THE PITCHERS.

"Permanent? No, indeedy! You won't hear a thing—not a whisper—after we take that water knock out of the radiator."

"Oh, she'll throttle down, only the carburetor ain't right for this weather."

"Skippin' a little maybe; wait'll she gits warmed up."

"Tightenin' up them body bolts an' a little paddin'll stop that squeak."

"Tain't good for a car to take hills like that on high, anyway."

"Of course, y' gotta expect to spend a little gittin' her tuned up."

"I thought you knew them wheels wasn't demountable."

"We can't keep on fixin' her; she was O. K. when you took her out, wasn't she?"

"Well, good night; you didn't expect a new car, did you?"

Claude Schaffner.



PERTINENT

The Skipper: THIS BOAT MAKES FIFTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR.
The Girl: WHO UNTIES THEM?

YOU can always tell a man who has had his vacation. He's busy explaining why he went where he did.



AUGUST 7, 1924

VOL. 84. 2179

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

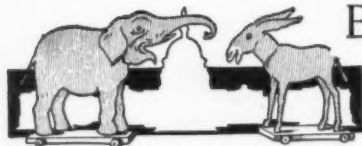
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BROTHER BARRON, of Boston, and of the *Wall Street Journal* in

New York, sheds light on the long odds in favor of Coolidge when he says that the estimate in financial circles is that Coolidge will sweep the country by 10,000,000 votes. The radicals, he says, will not see Bryan; they will see Davis, and reject the ticket. The conservative business interests will not see Davis; they will see Bryan, and reject the ticket.

Ten million majority for Coolidge! Certainly Brother Barron does nothing by halves. It is a good round number to start with, but really not convincing. Will Charles Bryan really scare off the business interests that might accept Davis? The East is only partially acquainted with Governor Bryan. He may turn out to be a less scary object than Mr. Barron supposes. He is not holding the more vociferous radicals like Senator Wheeler and Oswald Villard. It seems doubtful if he is even holding the *New Republic*, which is rather plaintive over what it considers the failure of the Democrats to nominate a real Progressive. But if Governor Bryan does not hold the radicals, why should he scare off the business interests? The business interests are used to a gamble. If they are satisfied with Davis, perhaps they will not be averse to a speculation on Bryan.

It is very early yet to bet on the election, though, of course, there are advantages about early betting, as that you may get odds you could not get later. Meanwhile only a little is known to the public of the real political inside of Mr. Davis. When he makes his speech of acceptance it may add to knowledge of his political thoughts. While waiting, one learns from the

papers that his horoscope is all right; that his wagon is hitched to a reliable star which will be in ascendancy until after election. As between his horoscope, as reported, and Mr. Barron's forecast, the horoscope seems the better bet.

For La Follette, besides Senator Wheeler and Mr. Villard as mentioned, are now lined up the Irish Republicans and a good many well-known Socialists or near-Socialists, including Norman Hapgood, Morris Hillquit, Amos Pinchot, Jesse Lynch Williams, Margaret Sanger, Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Bolton Hall, Frank Tannenbaum and other literary characters whose names are better known than their politics. Some of these ladies and gentlemen will be subtracted from Mr. Davis; others from Mr. Coolidge. It looks as if La Follette would have an interesting backing. He may have a success of distinction, such as a book has which is praised by the discriminating but does not sell. Himself nominally a Republican Senator, he has gathered to himself his fellow Republican Senators Ladd and Frazier and will doubtless get more. For a while it will be impossible to compute which of the old parties is losing most to La Follette. Meanwhile he is helping people to define their sentiments.



WE know in a loose kind of way what the Republicans want and what the Democrats want. They both want to win the election and have their man in the White House. We know more or less the difference between their aspirations as to tariff, foreign affairs, and such things if either party succeeds. But what do these La Follette Independents want? What is in their heads that makes them bolt?

For one thing they seem pretty well agreed that they want government ownership of railroads, but the sum of their intention is to break corporate control of the country by rich concerns, and of that general intention government ownership control of railroads is only a detail.

They seem to be out to beat Big Business. Mr. Davis has said he does not object to Big Business but it must be honest. That is something like what Roosevelt used to say. Perhaps we may hope to be enlightened during the next three months about the objectionable qualities of Big Business and what is to be feared from it, and whether it must be destroyed, or will be safe enough if merely scotched and crippled. We need expert information on this subject. Most people do not know much about it and go on supposing that government regulation of almost all things has already restrained Big Business about enough.



DE VALERA has been let out of jail. Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston, has died, and so, the papers report, has the originator of Nick Carter.

For De Valera there is the example of Aguinaldo, who led the Filipino revolt, doing and suffering many things including imprisonment, and when the United States Government finally turned him loose, accepted the existing order and has behaved considerably ever since. That De Valera will do the like is not expected. What is expected is that he will try to start something as soon as possible. The election in these States may look to him like a timely opportunity.

Mrs. Gardner was born in New York and lived in Boston, but never ceased to have what fun she could. She was rich, lively and intelligent; entirely reputable but consistently unexpected, declining always to adjust her deportment to her environment. She was a great patron of the arts, and so far as appears a kind and benevolent woman. She did well to stay in Boston instead of coming back to New York. One of her purposes in life was to stimulate thought by disturbance, and that is much better achieved in Boston than here, where disturbance is the normal condition, and attracts no attention.

E. S. Martin.





Midsummer





Midsummer Whatsis

AFTER keeping open weeks and weeks beyond closing time in the hope that the Democratic Convention would make money for them (ah-ah-ha-ha-ha-ha! *make money for them!* a-ha-ha-ha!) the theatrical managers who lost their respective shirts on the venture have been rather chary about opening up any new shows. Instead of spending money in New York the delegates evidently went about picking up pennies and things that they found in the streets, so that the final score read: "New York City . . . minus \$114.50. Delegates . . . \$745.50." It is suggested that next year the New York *World* use its powerful influence to bring the Seven Year Locusts to town for their gathering. They can't cost the city any more than the Democratic politicians did.

Bitten badly in this manner, the theatrical *entrepreneurs* have been crouching in their cellars, nursing their wounds and muttering. It is doubtful whether there will be any new productions now before December, and perhaps not even then. Any one wishing to see new dramatic entertainment may have to rig up something in the back yard and let the children do it for ten pins admission. The managers are nobody's fools.



MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE, however, with the daring of the novitiate in the producing business, did take as much courage as he could cram into both hands and opened up what? A revival! A revival, mind you!

It is too early now (2 A. M.) to tell whether he was wise, or just one of those dreamer-chaps. Whatever the result of his venture financially (and we will give one guess as to what it will be), he gave one poor old starving critic a pleasant evening just by raising and lowering a curtain. We were quite excited over the whole thing, got all dressed up, and presented ourself at the theatre at 7:45, applauding vigorously. The play was "Sweeney Todd. The Barber of Fleet Street, or The String of Pearls," and very well named it was, too, for it was all about *Sweeney Todd*, who was a barber on Fleet Street in the early part of the nineteenth century and who, for a string of pearls and other goodies, committed the most fascinating and ingenious murders on his customers.



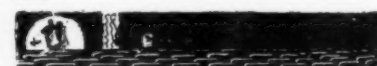
IT seems, according to the criminal records of the time, that Mr. Todd had been unjustly incarcerated early in

his career and had, brooding in his cell, vowed vengeance on mankind in general. On his release he set up business in a barber-shop, and, as likely-looking patrons sat themselves in his chair, he would decide to "polish them off," to use his own charming phraseology, and, by a set of concealed buttons and things, would drop them, chair and all, into the cellar, where they were "polished off" and conveyed into an adjoining crypt. Here, as in the manner of a Ford truck, they went through the next stage of their metamorphosis, which was to make them into material for Mrs. Lovett's famous veal pies. The partnership of Mr. Todd and Mrs. Lovett was highly successful, until one of the pie-makings did badly in his examinations and failed to pass the test, being alive when he reached the oven-department. As a result, both the Demon Barber and his sidekick were haled to court and reprimanded with the bit of rope tied tightly about the neck.

A whimsical tale, and told with considerable unction in the manner of plays of 1840, quite worth seeing if you are one of those who fall for the fallacious argument that New York is a great little summer resort.



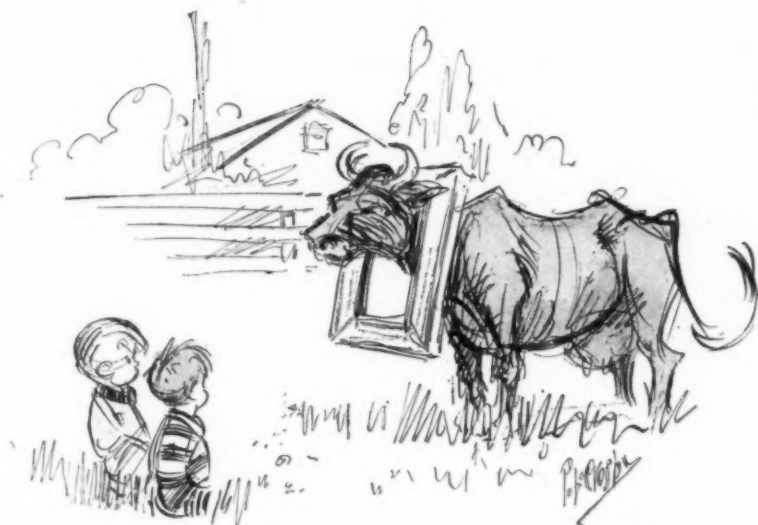
UNFORTUNATELY, "Sweeney Todd" was not considered long enough, and "Bombastes Furioso" has been added to fill out the evening. "Bombastes Furioso" is billed as "The Oldest Musical Burlesque in the English Language," and they might have added, "the worst." We are no modernist, but anything before the nineteenth century has got to show phenomenal form to get a giggle out of us. One thing we must ask of our literary executors, and that is that none of our humorous writings be revived in 2124. Please remember this.



HAVING heard each year of the success of certain musical shows during the summer in Boston (Massachusetts), we have always looked forward to their arrival in New York in the fall with parched tongue. And each fall we have suffered disappointment.

This year we were informed by our Intelligence Department of the Boston wow entitled "The Dream Girl," containing Fay Bainter and a Victor Herbert score. Throwing a few things into a bag, we rushed up to Boston to steal a march on our fellow reviewers. We are now open for dinner and dancing dates on the evening of the opening of "The Dream Girl" in New York. That is one night that we expect to have free. . . . Nothing elaborate for dinner, just a soup and meat course, with a light dessert, and almost anything in the way of dancing will do.

Robert C. Benchley.



"THAT'S NO WAY TO DO! THE MAN SHOULD'VE NEVER STARTED TO BUILD HIM A HOUSE IF HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO FINISH IT."

We Go Abroad

("The Prince of Wales, traveling incognito as Baron Renfrew, expects to come to the United States."—*New York Times*, July 8.)

MR. WILLIAM G. McADOO will travel incognito on a lecturing tour of the capitals of Europe. He will be disguised by a white hood covering him from head to foot. He will call himself Bill le Beau-Fils. The subject of his talks will be "The Unit Rule as Applied to the — Government." The blank space will be filled in with the name of the country he is visiting at the time. The object of his trip will be to secure any nomination, any time, any place.

Mr. Edward A. Filene will visit the aborigines in the Rocky Mountains disguised as a simple business man. He will wear a pin-stripe suit and shave his face. The object of his trip will be to discover what the naïve sons of the mountainside think of the conditions in starving Amnesia. Mr. Filene will be accompanied by two secretaries and a camera man. Copyrights on his book are applied for, when, as and if written.

Mr. Hylan will travel incognito through the streets of a great city disguised as a college professor. He will wear sideburns offered gratis by a faithful and devoted patrolman. The object of his tour will be to find out

what lies closest to the hearts of the peepul.

Mr. Douglas Fairbanks will travel incognito through Siam. He will be disguised as a bachelor and will wear a carefree expression. The object of his trip will be to see how the world treats a plain man.

Audrey McMahon.



WELL EQUIPPED

"I WONDER HOW OUR CANDIDATE WILL PAN OUT AS CAMPAIGNER."
"HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. HE FILMS WELL AND HAS A FINE VOICE FOR BROADCASTING."

The Musical Comedy Leading Lady to Her Love

OH, tell me of your passion, love.
Oh, tell me of it oft.
But sit some seven feet away and speak in accents soft.
Just whisper your endearments and your hopes of happiness,
And if I fail to catch the words, I'll make a darn good guess.
Or if you must draw nigher, do not speak with vehemence,
But seal your lips in silence which is love's true eloquence.
For this is why I seem so shy and duck my head in fear—
That loud-voiced tenor in the show sings love songs in my ear!

Fairfax Downey.

A Good Summer

"DID you enjoy the mountains this year?"

"Did I? Why, my dear, I won six bridge prizes, got recipes for three new cakes, and it rained so hard I didn't have to leave the porch more than four times during my whole stay."

TELEPHONE photographs come, of course, under the head of speaking likenesses.



"I'M GOING TO PRUNE THOSE APPLE TREES."
"BUT, FRANK, YOU KNOW I DON'T CARE FOR PRUNES."

Official Intercourse

"POP, what is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my son, is a gentleman who can tell a lie in such a manner to another gentleman, who is also a diplomat, that the second gentleman is compelled to pretend that he really believes the first gentleman, although he knows that the first gentleman is a liar, who knows that the second gentleman does not believe him."



THEY CALL HIM "TIMID
HENRY" IN THE DAYTIME



BUT YOU OUGHT TO SEE HIM AT NIGHT

From the Diary of a Modern Girl

JULY 19—I have fallen madly in love with George.

July 24—	"	"	"	Tom.
July 28—	"	"	"	Harry.
Aug. 3—	"	"	"	Will.
Aug. 11—	"	"	"	Ned.
Aug. 17—	"	"	"	Dave.
Aug. 23—	"	"	"	Jack.
Aug. 29—	"	"	"	Bob.
Sept. 7—	"	"	"	Dick.
Sept. 15—	"	"	"	Jim.

Oct. 1—For the first time in my life I am really in love. He is tall and slim and dark, but I have no idea what his name is. It is wonderful, being in love.

C. G. S.

The Hand of Fate

THE almost tropic heat of the evening permeated the low-ceiled living-room of the stucco and frame bungalow. Richard Ainsworth stood in the doorway gazing out across the now deserted porch. Outside in the summer night weird noises betokened the presence of strange nocturnal insects. A sense of foreboding filled his being; something was impending.

Suddenly he heard an ominous rattle. He turned, then made a start as if to flee, but it was too late. He was trapped. In an agony he heard his wife's voice:

"Dick! Come right in and build your wall! We're all waiting for you."

Pleasure and Profit

"WAS your trip to Egypt a success?"

"I'll say it was. Seeing the Sphinx gave me an idea for a slogan that'll increase our business at least forty per cent. next year."

Tramping Through Anywhere

MR. WILLIS D. TODD, off on a hike, is trying to "make" Cootsville, which should have been in sight half an hour ago....When Mr. Todd started out in the morning he sang aloud all the good old songs he knew. Evidently he has run out of songs, for he isn't singing now.

MR. TODD (to a native who is leaning against a fence): How far is it to Cootsville?

NATIVE (after a considerable pause, during which he wonders why any one should want to go to Cootsville): Ef you go down that side road mile 'n' a half you'll hit the trolley that runs 'tween Cootsville and Marbeltown.

MR. TODD: But I don't want to hit the trolley. I'm walking, and I'd like to know the distance.

NATIVE (after a much longer pause): Waal, ef you want to walk, I reckon it's two miles to Pike's Corners, 'bout three and a half to Gliffle Falls and straight four miles from there to the courthouse at Cootsville.

(Mr. Todd thanks the native and moves off....An hour later, he arrives at Pike's Corners and stops a brisk young farmer with a cow.)

MR. TODD: How far is it to Cootsville?

NATIVE: Railroad station's just a step from here. Ye can get a train to Cootsville at three-eighteen.



Mrs. Brown: YOUR NURSE IS CHARMING WITH THE CHILDREN.

Mrs. Smith: YES, SHE ALWAYS MAKES THEM THINK SHE IS LEAVING NEXT WEEK.



THE YELLOW PRESS

(Mr. Todd explains that he is walking. The native is reluctant to have it so.)

NATIVE: Waal, the fare's only thirty-two cents.

(Mr. Todd explains that he is walking for pleasure, whereupon the native whistles, and idly plaits the cow's tail as he looks wonderingly and long at Mr. Todd.)

NATIVE: Waal, ef you won't take the train, keep on this road till you get to Gliffle Falls—that's, four miles—then you go down the road past the Shaker Ch'ch a mile to Jones' Crossing, an' that's three and a half miles 'xactly to Peter Newstead's Grocery and Garage in Cootsville.

(Mr. Todd begins to wonder whether the boys in New York are having any fun....After walking two hours and fifteen minutes at the rate of four miles an hour he accosts another native.)

MR. TODD: How far is it to Peter Newstead's Grocery and Garage?

NATIVE: Waal, I'd have to figger that out. (The thought of so much effort saddens him, but he cheers up in a moment.) 'S no use my doin' that fer ye with the bus due along here in a minit.

(Mr. Todd explains, a little less buoyantly than before, that he is walking—out of choice.)

NATIVE: Walking! Think o' that! Thar wuz a man from here once that walked it. (Mr. Todd's heart begins to sink.) But that wuz before my day.

MR. TODD: Couldn't you even guess the distance?

NATIVE: Waal, it ain't reely so far. 'Bout three-quarters of an hour drivin' in the cyar.

(Mr. Todd quickly estimates how far a car driven at twelve miles an hour—the native looks like a twelve-mile-an-hour man—would go in three-quarters of an hour and finds it is just nine miles....He sits down and waits for the bus.)

Bertram Bloch.

House Rules

BILDAD (from the bed, to burglar): When you go out will you lock the kitchen door and put the key under the mat?



Skippy: A CHAWKLET SODA!



Skippy: WAIT! HOW MUCH IS THE STRAWBERRY?

Man: SAME PRICE—WELL, WHAT'S IT GOIN' TO BE, STRAWBERRY OR CHAWKLET?

Skippy: GUESS YA BETTER MAKE IT LEMON.



Man: WHO KNOWS, MAYBE IT'S WATER-MELON YE'RE AFTER.

Skippy: HAVE YA GOT WATERMELON?



Man: OH! GET THE H--- OUTA HERE!

Skippy: WHY, MR. BARKENTEN!



Skippy: SO! THEN YA DON'T WANT MY TRADE, HUH, MR. BARKENTEN?

"I'M SO SURE OF IT THAT I'LL BE CRACKIN' SOMETHIN' BESIDES ICE IF YA DON'T BEAT IT."

"WELL, BIG BOY, IF I DON'T SEE YA AGAIN, MERRY CHRISTMAS!"



"THERE'S NO HOLDIN' HIM SINCE HE'S BEEN GETTIN' THE CANARY PENNIES. DON'T NEED MY TRADE, HO-HO. I'LL SPLIT ME SIDES LAFFIN'!"



Skippy: A PINEAPPLE SODA, MRS. DUSENBERRY, AND I WANT TO TAKE IT OUT.



Skippy: WELL, I MUST SAY, MRS. DUSENBERRY CERTAINLY DOES TURN OUT A VERY ELEGANT SODA!

Skippy



"NAMING THE DAY"

Injustice

IF Justice in our lives should be,
Then tell me why, great stars above,
This anguish must be thrust on me,
That I can't have the one I love.

And tell me why *this* sorrow seems
To shatter with a mighty gav-
El what is left of all my dreams,
That I can't love the one I have.

J. D.

Rare Find

MRS. SMITHERS (*on motor trip*):
This is an awfully poor road,
George.

SMITHERS: It has its compensa-
tions, my dear. We're not getting more
than ten billboards to the mile.

The Mechanical Peril

"Do you write?" "No! I use a
typewriter."

"Do you sing?" "No! I use a
phonograph."

"Do you play any musical instru-
ment?" "No! I use a pianola."

"Do you sew?" "No! I use a sew-
ing machine."

"Do you draw?" "No! I use a
kodak."

"Do you walk?" "No! I use a
motor, the subway, a surface car,
or the train."

"Do you see?" "No! I wear glasses."

"Do you digest?" "No! I use
digestives."

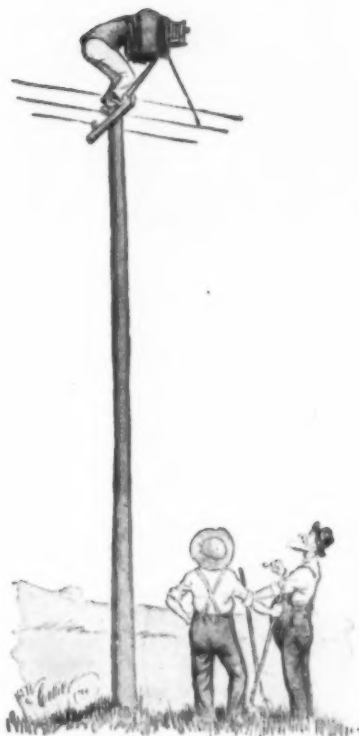
"Do you sleep?" "No! I use nar-
cotics."

"Do you breathe?" "No! I use a
pulmotor."

La T. H.

DYER: Too bad about Niblick losing
all his money.

GOWFE: He should worry! He made
the course in two under par yesterday.



"THAT MUST BE THAT NEW INVENTION
—SENDING PHOTOGRAPHS BY TELE-
PHONE."



"HOW D'YOU COME TO BE SLEEPIN' IN THE PARKS?"
"OH, I USED TO MANUFACTURE CORSETS."

Not Too Probable Midsummer Dialogues

"YOU beautiful, maddening creature! Kiss me!"

"Heavens, no! I must go right in and read to my
poor, dyspeptic husband."

"Frightfully unpleasant, isn't it?"

"Yes. On the hottest days we haven't the ghost of a
chance of a breeze from any side of the house."

"Selma, we're expecting six people over the week-end."

"Valhalla! Das ban yoost luffy! Ay skoll be so glad
not to haff Saturday off to go to das ol' movie."

"Well, good-by, Mrs. Jones."

"Good-by. I do think you look a lot worse than when
you came up here."

"Any seats in this car, conductor?"

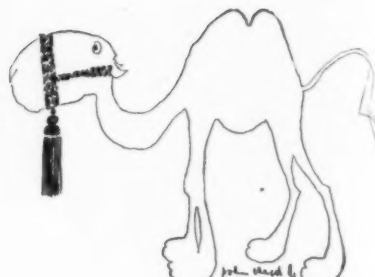
"Help yourself. And take another to put your feet on."

"Fellow mosquitoes, let's all stop bothering people."

"All right. Let's take it out on that tomato plant. It's
blighted anyway."

Henry William Hanemann.

THE Hearst papers came out against Davis the day he
was nominated. The trouble with such pieces of luck is
that they may make him overconfident.



"The Arab"

IN "The Arab," Rex Ingram has adhered closely to the formula which he established for himself in "Where the Pavement Ends." It is the romance of a missionary's daughter and a native chieftain, culminating in general depression as they both decide that "it can never be."

Ramon Novarro plays the Arab, and does supremely well at it. He is a splendid actor, possessed of a spontaneous eagerness and a sense of rhythm that render him ideal for these romantic rôles. The only quality that mars his general effectiveness is overconfidence—and even that, in most of the parts he plays, is an error on the right side. Alice Terry, the heroine, discards for this production the shimmering golden wig which she has always worn on the screen and appears in her own personal tresses. With no desire to deflower the lily, I am compelled to express the opinion that Miss Terry looks better in the wig.

Mr. Ingram has surrounded his two principal players with a cast recruited in Europe and Africa, and in doing so has demonstrated again his remarkable talent for the selection of arresting types. "The Arab," like all the Rex Ingram pictures, is replete with eloquent faces.

John Seitz, the camera man, has worked with his customary efficiency. The scenes in Tunis and on the desert are gorgeously beautiful.

REX INGRAM has done one thing in "The Arab" which annoys me mildly: he has used an idea which I had intended to incorporate in my own forthcoming production. At the end of the picture, the Arabian hero does not turn out to be a white, native-born, Protestant Nordic; he turns out to be an Arab,

"Captain January"

MY frequently avowed affection for Jackie Coogan does not extend to all child actors—and producers are hereby warned not to presume too far on my sentimental weakness.

For instance, I have always gone well out of my way to dodge Baby Peggy's pictures. Not that I have any particular grudge against this "little wonder lady of the cinema." She is undoubtedly cute and her countenance is a highly comical one. But the films in which she appears are almost always terrible.



RAMON NOVARRO IN "THE ARAB"

"Captain January," her most pretentious effort to date, is no exception. It is a tale of the rockbound seacoast and of a brave little tot who manipulates the lighthouse whence all but she have fled.

Jackie Coogan is an actor—but Baby Peggy is just a baby.

"Babbitt"

OF course it is easy to call attention to mistakes after they are made; but even so, if any one had asked me about it when "Babbitt" first appeared in the book department, I should have been glad to tell him that it could never, never make a good moving picture. Nor would that information have been exclusive—any reader of the book could have predicted as much.

Evidently the Warner Brothers bought the screen rights to "Babbitt" before they read it. They knew that it was a best seller (although it never approached "Main Street" in that respect); they knew that all the highbrows were saying Babbitt this and Babbitt that, and they guessed that the lowbrows would follow suit.

They guessed wrong. To-day, "Babbitt" is mentioned only in such highly intellectual publications as the *American Mercury* and *LIFE*—and the public remembers Sinclair Lewis's novel as a smart-alecky affront to the bulwark of American prosperity.

Thus, there is little or no box-office value in the name, "Babbitt." In my estimation, "Wandering Husbands" would have pulled infinitely more votes.

As to the picture itself, it retains absolutely none of the spirit which enlivened and distinguished the original book—except so far as Willard Louis, in the title rôle, is concerned. Mr. Louis makes a noble and occasionally successful attempt to bring *Babbitt* to life. Apparently he was the only one involved in the production who had any idea of what it was all about.

Robert E. Sherwood.

PIERCE ARROW Series 80 *is ready*



PIERCE-ARROW has added to its line a new product—the *Series 80*. The new car is the answer to this question which motor car owners have so frequently asked us:

“In addition to the Dual-Valve Six, why don’t you build another car, one more modest in size and in price, so that more people may experience the pleasure and satisfaction of owning and driving a Pierce-Arrow?”

The new car is Pierce-Arrow through and through—in engineering, in construction, in performance. It adequately reflects the accepted fine car practice of today and also mirrors the Pierce-Arrow ideal which has been so rigidly adhered to for twenty-three years. Many months were spent by the engineering department designing and redesigning, building and rebuilding experimental models which were required to pass every conceivable laboratory and road test.

Then a fleet of the new *Series 80* cars was put through actual factory production. These *stock cars* were sent to every part of

the country. For months they were driven night and day, winter and summer, over mountain roads, rutted trails, desert sands, gluey mud. And finally the perfected Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* was born.

Such unusual methods were necessary to develop a car that would meet Pierce-Arrow standards.

The Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* displays capabilities far above the average. Alert, easy acceleration; adequate power for every conceivable need; ease of control in every situation; quick, safe stopping; economy of operation and maintenance—all of these and more are permanent characteristics of this new Pierce-Arrow. Although no statement of prices has been given out previously, orders for “the new Pierce-Arrow” have been accumulating for months.

The new *Series 80* is on display today in Pierce-Arrow showrooms. Our representative in your city will gladly arrange a thorough demonstration.

Series 80 • • 7-Passenger Touring Car

\$2,895

5-Passenger Sedan, \$3,895; at Buffalo
Government Tax Additional

STANDARD EQUIPMENT . . . Balloon Tires,
Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes

Pierce-Arrow Products include passenger cars of two types; the
Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Six and the Pierce-Arrow Series 80...
Pierce-Arrow Motor Buses... Pierce-Arrow Heavy Duty Motor Trucks

A catalog describing the Pierce-Arrow Series 80 in detail may be obtained from our local dealer or by addressing us

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.



Subtlety

It was after the performance, and the singer was receiving congratulations in her dressing-room. In came her friend and rival. "Lovely, dear," she said. "I have never heard you in better voice—and I was quite furious with people for not applauding more."

—Sketch (London).

Quite Understandable

"You do not seem suited to each other at all. How did you come to marry her?"

"Oh, she seemed to take a dislike to me when we first met, and I wanted to show her she was mistaken."

—Boston Transcript.

THE TEACHER: Gas is a sort of vapor. We can neither see nor feel it

BRIGHT BOY: But oh, man, how we can step on it.—Youngstown Telegram.

A GOLFER's idea of "sex problems" is a mixed foursome.—Toronto Star.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER—IS HE TIRED OF HIS RADIO?"

"YES—NOW HE WANTS A DEATH RAY TO PLAY WITH."

—Le Rire (Paris).

CITY URCHIN (in the country): Quick, there's a bee—catch it and we'll have some 'oney.—Passing Show (London).

Woman in the East

A hot discussion among a group of Orientals was in full swing.

"Women are the same the world over," wisely observed the malihini, watching developments. "Regardless of race they can't be within hearing distance of an argument without trying to horn in."

"There is a difference, though," sighed the kamaaina. "An Oriental woman doesn't expect anybody to listen to her."

—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

The Healthy Life

Nicotine is a sure killer of striped cucumber beetles, according to a pomologist. "I attribute my longevity," a hale old beetle of two weeks is quoted as saying, "to the fact that I have never smoked."—Detroit News.

"WHAT are you going to do Tuesday evening?"

"Finish reading Sunday's paper."

—Country Gentleman.

AN expert says that boys are ten per cent. better at arithmetic than girls. When they get married they have to be.

—Humorist (London).

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Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

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Chicago—618, So. Michigan Avenue.

THE replicas of classic Early English Silver made by Crichton express a true mastery of the silversmith's art. In the Crichton collection of originals, there are notable specimens, many bearing the arms of famous British families.



Silver Tea and Coffee Service—reproduced from a fine Scottish model made in Edinburgh 1720



When your car has a body bearing the emblem—Body by Fisher—you turn a thousand and one possible annoyances and discomforts into never-ending enjoyment and satisfaction.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS



CDE

FISHER BODIES

Is Seeing Believing?

Mr. Fischler checked up on his eyes and was satisfied.

Most Edgeworth is sold by word of mouth—one happy smoker will pass the good word along to some less fortunate brother, and a new Edgeworth "fan" is born.

Sometimes, however, the human voice plays no part in the spread of Edgeworth popularity.

Witness Mr. Fischler's letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Last summer while on my vacation, which was spent on Pine Creek, one of the best fishing streams in Northern Pennsylvania, I noticed a lot of discarded Edgeworth tobacco cans. Especially were they noticeable near the good fishing holes.

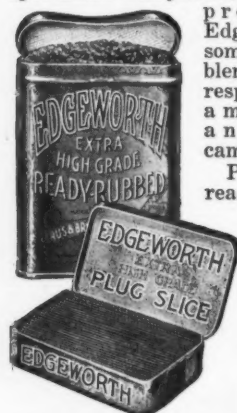
When I returned home I bought Edgeworth and learned the reason for all those empty packages.

Yours,

Peter Fischler

We're much too busy filling the blue tins here in Richmond to be able to follow them to the four corners of the earth.

It's a curious fact, by the way, that sportsmen everywhere show a marked



preference for Edgeworth. There's something in the blend that strikes a responsive chord among fishermen and hunters, campers and hikers.

Perhaps some reader, himself a sportsman, can tell us why Mr. Fischler found so many Edgeworth tins "near the good fishing holes."

Be that as it may, "seeing is believing" with us just as it

was with Mr. Fischler. Thousands of letters from pipe smokers are visual proof to us that in Edgeworth we are producing a tobacco that most men like.

You may not find Edgeworth to your taste at all, but we think it probable that you will. Let's try to find out!

If you'll write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., we'll send you, postpaid, free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

What follows is a matter between you and your pipe!

If you care to write us the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, we shall very much appreciate your courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Lively Art of Oppen

The greatest moment in the history of comic strips was in one of Oppen's. It was when Happy Hooligan was in Egypt, eluding the Poil of the Sahara and chasing Suzanne. The picture had for its background the pyramids and a frieze of camels. In the foreground sat four sheiks of the desert, drawn as Oppen would draw them, about a camp fire. One of them said, "Allah is certainly great." The next said, "Great is right." And the third said, "So is this mutton stew."—*Jake Falstaff, in Akron Times.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Professional Interest

The séance was proving a great success. The new member of the circle, an Oldham pigeon-fancier, had been brought into touch with his lately departed father-in-law, who had just announced he was an angel.

"Wi' wings an' all?" asked the son-in-law.

The reply was in the affirmative.

"What dosti measure fra' tip to tip?" asked the pigeon-fancier.

—*London Morning Post.*

The New Literature

"I told my son that he was not giving enough attention to the classics," remarked the conscientious parent. "I reproached him for not knowing the difference between the Iliad and the Odyssey."

"Was he properly apologetic?"

"Not at all. He merely said nobody could know everything, and asked me if I knew the difference between crystal receptivity and a neutrodyne."

—*Washington Star.*

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters
delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail.
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Our Boarding House

The landlady gave him stale eggs, so he bought some strictly fresh ones on his own account and requested her to serve them. But she still gave him stale eggs. He did not like to say anything. What hurt, though, was to hear the landlady boasting to the cook:

"It's just as I told you. With all his finicky ways he can't tell the difference."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Overenthusiasm

FIRST ENGLISH TOURIST (viewing the Alps): Not bad, that!

SECOND DITTO: Yus, it's all right; but you needn't rave abahit it like a bally poet.—*Boston Transcript.*

"TELEPHONE operators are courteous, obliging, and very patient," is the verdict of a writer. We have never encountered such halo girls.—*Ideas (London).*

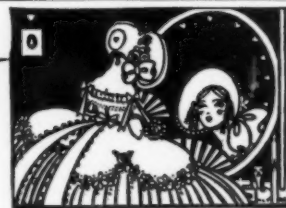


Like your best day

Face comfort, that's what Williams gives you. Makes you feel like a champion all day long. And there's no shaving cream on earth softens the beard as fast. Large tube 35c; double size tube 50c, containing twice as much cream.

Williams Shaving Cream

With the Hinge-Cap you can't lose



Waterproof Cream!

ELIZABETH ARDEN announces a new cream—her Waterproof Cream. Smooth it on the face, neck, arms and hands under powder. It gives the skin a lovely silken finish—a waterproof finish! It keeps the skin fresh and attractive for hours of swimming and sports. Prevents sunburn, roughness, peeling, freckles. Also gives the skin a superb finish for evening. \$3.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin. Ask also about her Beauty Exercises.

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Try any Conn Instrument

Conns give you **FREE** most pleasure and quickest opportunity for profit because they are easiest to play—beautiful in tone—perfect in scale—handsome in design and finish.

Send for Free Book, "Success in Music and How to Win It" by John Philip Sousa and others—and details of Free Trial, Easy Payment plan on any Conn instrument. Mention instrument.

C. C. CONN, Ltd.
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Elkhart, Ind.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

out! of every garment whose future use was questioned. It may be said with truth of me that I lack the attic spirit.

August 5th Had my breakfast this morning with Sam and our guest Bob Whiting, and we fell a-talking of age and the first signs of its approach, and I told them I did think an active consciousness of one's inner organism to be the beginning of the end. Yes, quoth Sam, until a year or two ago, I thought a colon was a punctuation mark. Lord! there is much talk of remoulding the scheme of things to the desires of various hearts, but granted such a chance, I should arrange that people might eat and drink what they chose without injury to their health or appearance. The men off to the golf links, I greatly cast down at being too weak to accompany them, so I tried to bethink me of as delightful things as possible, and did recall how Mr. Webster, the cartoonist, and his wife Ethel had offered to give us their

*Watch your gums —
bleeding a sign of trouble*



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

As sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact. And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.
Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

house for July. Laying down one's life for a friend is naught, methinks, to turning over to him one's house or apartment.

August 6th

Lay late, after a restless night during which I was strongly tempted to knock myself unconscious with any convenient mace. On the first post came an etching from the Carl Freunds, which did remind me of the summer they rented their apartment furnished before sailing for Europe and later ran across the tenants in Belgium. I can think of no more disconcerting encounter. Harry Ames did telephone us this morning that he was sailing at noon, and when I asked him when he would return, he answered, I don't know—I ought to be back now!

Baird Leonard.

TIFFANY & Co

JEWELRY PEARLS SILVERWARE

QUALITY-IDEALS

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

For Tough Beards or Tender Skins

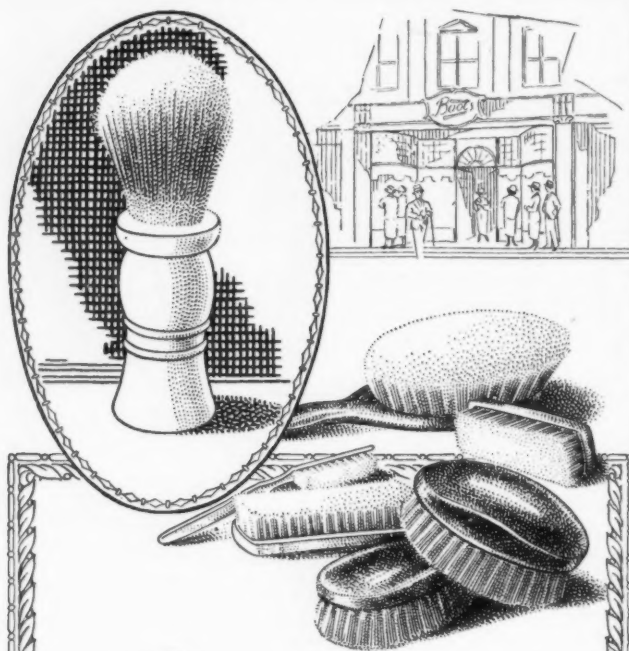
YOU will find delightful relief and comfort in a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It rapidly softens the toughest beard, but more than that—it prevents all shaving irritation. Its exclusive properties soothe and cool the skin and actually heal troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin with a soft, cool lotion effect. If your druggist cannot supply you send 50c for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort.

Or send 2c stamp for sample.

Made particularly for a tender skin

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
638 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Ont.





Accessories— and Friends

THERE is an intimacy about brushes that calls for perfection.

From the point of your chin to the nape of your neck—brushes play a vastly important part in your daily toilet. Shaving brushes, tooth brushes, hair brushes—all are entirely personal and essentially *your own*.

Brushes are things that you share with nobody else—intimate friends. See that their intimacy is justified by sound construction and beauty of design, for only such sterling qualities can justify their constant companionship.

The courageous choice of the masculine—the delicate task of the feminine—each finds complete satisfaction in the range of toilet accessories obtainable at **BOOTS THE CHEMISTS**.

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Boots
Chemists

Chief London Branch;

182 Regent Street, W.1.

Over 700 Branches
throughout
Great Britain.

BOOTS PURE

DRUG CO. LTD




KAYWOODIE
ITALIAN BRUYÈRE
FOUR DOLLARS AND UP

Have you a Kaywoodie in your pipe collection?...The Kaywoodie pipe has that grace and distinctive appearance only produced by perfect workmanship. It is made of the finest Bruyere root obtainable. It is the perfect product of the oldest pipe house in America. And there is no import duty included in its price.
Unconditionally Guaranteed

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY
The Oldest Pipe House in America
33 East 17th Street, New York City
Established 1851



To Cultivate a
Cheerful Exterior

Read *Life*

and the most confirmed pessimist will soon admit that the world won't go to the bowwows just yet—at least not while *LIFE* is published every week! Try it for a year—you might even like to smile a few times yourself, and there are lots of things in *LIFE* to laugh at—or, Obey That Impulse, and for a trial trip, avail yourself of our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).
Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
One Year \$5 Canadian \$5.80 Foreign \$6.60
(130)

Memorials of Use

(Continued from page 9)

From Edward B. Weed, Esq., of Newburgh, New York, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 284,
ROBERT L. WEED MEMORIAL.

From the Misses Louise and Ethel Lee, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT, NO. 285,
IN MEMORY OF OUR PARENTS, WILLIAM
HENRY LEE AND LOUISE WENTZ LEE.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$271,448.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 43,925 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

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In memory of Gerald Clark Kling, New York.....	100.00
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T. B. J., Grosse Pointe, Mich.....	10.00
Post Recruiting Office, Ft. Sam Houston, Tex.....	1.65
Royal W. Weiler, Allentown, Pa.....	11.00
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Wm. Lloyd, Colorado Springs, Colo.....	5.00

Total.....\$11,315.86

Loses 24 pounds ... reduces waistline 3 inches —in 3 weeks!

You can try the same method for
ten days FREE

No medicine No dieting No exercise
With no effort at all

"I AM returning my Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer by insured parcel post today," writes Ivan W. Arno, Postmaster of Erroll, N. H.

"Will you please make it smaller for me, for I can lace it together and it is still too loose. I am more than pleased with the Reducer. I have reduced my waistline 3 inches and have lost 24 pounds in weight in less than three weeks."

Such letters are pouring in each day upon Dr. Thomas Lawton, inventor of Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Hundreds of these reducers, which originally fit snugly, are being returned to be made smaller. The summer is the best season for quick reduction. Men and women throughout the country are regaining their normal, symmetrical figures through this wonderful device, which is cool, comfortable, well ventilated and made of special reducing material.

Something entirely new

Do not confuse Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer with ordinary rubber belts and girdles. True, it does what they do—AND MORE. In the center and on the inner side is the patented Vacuum Massage Applicator, which gently, persistently—massages away the fatty tissue with every breath you take—with every step you make.

You can now try it—FREE

Its results are so sure—so immediate—that we want you to see what it will do for you in a brief ten days—at our risk. Tear off the attached coupon. Sign your name. It will bring a complete description of this remarkable reducer. Also full details of our FREE OFFER which permits you to wear the Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer for 10 full days—at our risk. You are to be the sole judge of its ability to reduce your waistline and abdomen. If you are not entirely satisfied it costs you nothing.

Use this coupon now

Send it today. Right now while it is handy. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity to reduce WITH NO EFFORT AT ALL.

Dr. Thomas Lawton, Dept. H-78,
19 W. 70th St., New York City

Please send me complete description of your Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Also details of your FREE TRIAL OFFER under which I am to be the sole judge of the efficiency of your device.

Name Mr......
Street.....
City.....

Please sign your name Mr., Mrs. or Miss



Men Who Care

For whiter teeth are now fighting film

Wherever you go among careful people you see teeth that glisten now. Millions of people every day combat the dingy film.

This test will show you how. The results will amaze and delight you. Make it, for your own sake, now.

Those dingy coats

Film is that viscous coat you feel. Much of it resists the tooth brush, clings and stays. Soon the film discolors, then it forms dingy coats which hide the luster of the teeth.

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief causes of pyorrhea.

Few people escaped these troubles. So dental science has found two ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film, the other to remove it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests, these methods were adopted. A new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily.



The name is Pepsodent. Now leading dentists the world over are urging its adoption.

Watch its effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva as well as the starch digestant in saliva. Those agents are there to constantly fight acids and digest starch deposits on teeth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect.

Thus Pepsodent does essential things which old ways cannot do. The results are quickly seen and felt. No one can doubt the benefits they bring.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the cloudy coats disappear.

Once learn this way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth and you will always want them. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 159, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

HANDS UP!

Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAY POST-MAN \$1.79** on delivery plus postage. Money back if not satisfied. **PATHFINDER CO., Dep. Y10B 634 Sixth Ave., N.Y.** Pat. Pending

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



HAY FEVER LOGIC If pollen sets fire why not keep pollen out? Tiny Nasal-filter — aids breathing — comfortable — hardly noticeable — it's being done.
Postpaid \$1.00
NASALFILTER CO., Dept. L, Saint Paul, Minn.

Presidential Interjections

WHEN Dawes heard of his nomination he said, "Well, I declare," and when Davis heard of his, he said, "Apparently I'm nominated." If the following were nominated, perhaps they would be similarly laconic:

W. J. Bryan: "Tut tut!"

Al Smith: "Oh, boy!"

McAdoo: "There now!"

Hoover: "My gracious!"

Ralston: "Oh, indeed!"

Debs: "Oh, mercy me!"

Underwood: "For goodness' sake!"

O. O. S. H.

ACTIONS speak louder than words—but you can't interest a radio fan in that kind of selling talk.

WYNHOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, NEW YORK

Suburbs

A FORM of literature founded by our best go-getter realtors, to describe the unrivaled attractions of towns where houses are sold and rented. This school of writers owes its inspiration chiefly to the romanticists, but inclines to the realists whenever sewers, gas, electricity and street openings are mentioned. The best work of our first-rate suburb writers can be found in the real estate sections of the Sunday newspapers. To the true artist in this profession every town is healthful, all grounds are spacious. No walking distance to the station is anything but easy. Every seedling is a shade tree, every room is large and airy. The plentiful scenery is beautiful and the house itself is charming. Schools and churches are within convenient reach. Perfect is the condition of the modern house offered at a sacrifice. Sections are all best residential sections and neighborhoods are all desirable. Some adjectives held in reserve are used on occasions when the commission is likely to be large enough. Also, the price is always low and the terms are reasonable. The realtors say so.

Everyday Behavior

NURSE: Do you think that is a proper way to act?

DOROTHY: Oh, it's all right for the middle of the week.

HISTORY is fiction in the making.

"Locktite" TOBACCO POUCH
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Here's YOUR Pouch

JUST made for you and your pipe. Famous Locktite fastener opens or closes pouch in a jiffy. Tobacco can't leak out. You've always wanted a Locktite. Now, go get one!

Locktite is a man's pouch through and through—durable and attractive. \$1 and up, at cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. Write direct if dealer cannot supply you.



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The F. S. MILLS CO., Inc., Gloversville, N.Y.

Use **MURINE** FOR EYES
IRRITATED BY
SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS
RECOMMENDED & SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS
WRITE FOR FREE EYE CARE BOOK. MURINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Times Aren't What They Were

"TIMES have changed," grumbled the Poet. "It isn't as easy to find subjects you can write about as it once was. There's much too much law!"

"Look at Scott. A wild young man comes chasing out of the West and Scott makes a whole poem out of it. What would happen if you tried that to-day? You'd get one stanza done and then you'd fetch up against this:

"Reginald W. Lochinvar, scion of a well-known New Jersey family, was arrested early last night as he was coming out of the West Shore Ferry in New York. He was held in \$1,000 bail for speeding and assaulting an officer. His excuse that he had had a date at a wedding brought forth the sarcastic rejoinder from Magistrate Hoolihan that he ought to have been glad he hadn't kept a date with the undertaker."

"Or take Longfellow. Longfellow shot off an arrow and sang a song and got a poem out of them. Would he get a poem to-day? He would not. He'd get something like this:

"Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Case of William Smith, aviator, vs. Henry W. Longfellow, poet. Action for assault with arrow. Verdict for plaintiff for \$5,000."

"And this. 'Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Case of International Composers' Union vs. Henry W. Longfellow. Action for injunction to prevent defendant from broadcasting a song. Verdict for the plaintiff, with costs."

"No wonder," said the Poet, "that poets are either writing about their feelings or going into advertising."

B. B.

Cross Currency

WE'VE thought it all out. What the modern motorist needs is refill stations for pocketbooks. It would be so convenient to stop by the wayside and say, "I'll take ten, please," or, "Fifteen will do, I think," or, "Better fill it all up—that ought to see me past the next road house."

Not that we'd restrict the system to any one company. Indeed no; we'd encourage competition—rival refill stations bidding against each other. There should be signs advertising, "Stop and get Standard Currency—it makes your way easier," and, "Insist on Golden Specie—it pacifies."

The only hitch in our otherwise perfect scheme is this: How is the motorist to pay for the stuff? Perhaps we had better ask Mr. Rockefeller for suggestions.

L. M.

PROHIBITION is the greatest joke ever perpetrated on the American people, but Americans know how to laugh at it.

Does your dinner gong ring up trouble for your gums?



THE CHANCES are that it does. For today the summons to a meal is in most cases a summons to eat soft food.

True—delicious food. But soft! For it's the smoothest pudding, the flakiest pastry, the creamiest sauce—in short, the most velvety concoction—that we esteem most highly.

All this is pleasing to our palates, but what about our teeth and gums?

It robs them of work and stimulation. It deprives our gums of the healthy massage that keeps them firm and sound.

That is why people who eat soft food should see that their gums receive regular stimulation. One way to accomplish this is through the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana is a tooth paste that stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

How IPANA keeps the gums in health

Under years of soft food and under-stimulation, it is not surprising that gums should become soft, logy and congested. "Pink toothbrush" is the visible evidence that your gums are weakening. If your toothbrush "shows pink," you should begin to care for your gums at once.

Ordinary methods of care not sufficient

Dentists now recognize that it is just as important to keep our gums hard and firm as it is to keep our teeth clean and white. That is why thousands of practitioners have adopted Ipana in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many have written us that a daily massage of the gums with Ipana, after the regular brushing, has

proved a splendid aid in the treatment of stubborn cases of bleeding gums.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an anti-septic and hemostatic known and trusted by dentists the country over. Dentists use ziratol after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound and to help restore the gums to their normal tonicity. Its presence in Ipana gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing of soft, under-nourished gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-10
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name
Address
City State



Painted for the A. R. Co. by Joseph B. Platt; © ARCO, 1924



Only the very rich can afford a cheap boiler!

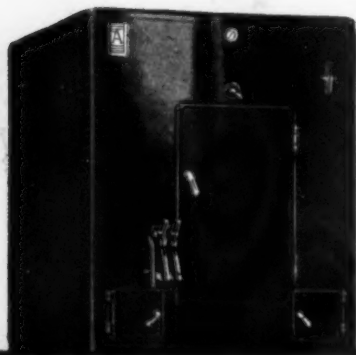
IF YOUR INCOME is so large that it hurts, then by all means buy a cheap heating plant. It will consume coal the way a hungry boy at a Sunday-school picnic consumes ice-cream, but what do you care?

But if you have a real pride in getting the most for what you spend, you can't afford to be without the IDEAL TYPE A. Not even if you have to take out your old-fashioned heating plant.

For the IDEAL TYPE A is so thrifty that it pays for itself in the fuel it saves. And being handsome as a limousine, it will enable you to dress up your cellar.

Send for the very handsome book that tells the story. A card to the address below will bring your copy at once.

"Beauty is as beauty does," says the proverb, referring very nicely to the IDEAL Type A. For with all its good looks it works harder than a common boiler and pays for itself in the fuel it saves. Send for the beautifully illustrated book that gives all the facts.



IDEAL BOILERS
COAL OIL GAS
and AMERICAN RADIATORS
save fuel

IDEAL TYPE A
the finest boiler in
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Dept. 161, 1803 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
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